



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## EDWARD AND ISABEL.

*(From the German of Pfeffel.)*

BY JOSEPH SNOW.

In Allobrogia dwelling  
 Oft shot sweet Isabel,  
 With shafts as surely telling  
 As those of William Tell;  
 Young, fairest of the fair, she  
 Love coldly kept apart,  
 'Twas hinted far and near, she  
 Had a cold hard heart.

From the Cevennes did journey  
 A knight, Edward his name,  
 Of her, at some high tourney,  
 Enamoured he became;  
 By day and night unfailing  
 His love he made appear,  
 In vain! to all his wailing  
 She turned a heedless ear.

Bright paroquets he brought her,  
 Ta'en in far Traperund  
 In Savoy too he sought her  
 The noblest dogs around,  
 A curious colt he sent her,  
 With flowing tail and mane,  
 Yet all his love not bent her,  
 She spurned him with disdain.

Once from the tilt-yard gleaming,  
 She sought the cool grove's shade:  
 With tears his sad eyes streaming,  
 He grasped her hand and said,  
 "Ah, wilt thou thus my smart see?  
 With scorn my love repay?"  
 But with a steely heart she  
 In silence turned away.

"Farewell!" with sighs he's saying,  
 "Thou'lt one day rue thy scorn,  
 "When from thy sight I'm staying,  
 "While thou art left forlorn,"—  
 At this she's only sneering,  
 But Edward sorely vexed,  
 To some dark den's careering,  
 To weep. Well, what comes next?

Once on her dappled steed she  
 Was hunting in the wood,  
 When sudden, scarcely heeds she,  
 A savage bear and rude  
 Upon her springs: she hastens  
 To fix an arrow free,  
 Which in his heart she fastens  
 As swift as swift might be.

Quick as that dart, she hurried  
 To view that monster dead,  
 But Edward finds she buried  
 In bears' hide for his bed;  
 His eyes death's dusk was veiling,  
 His mouth may move no more,  
 Ah! now her every failing  
 Rose dark her soul before.

With fearful pangs, heart-breaking,  
 That cold corpse looks she on,  
 In her white arms she's taking  
 Each stiff limb—life is gone!  
 She shrieks, she groans in sorrow,  
 Her hair dishevelled flies,  
 Springs on her steed like arrow,  
 And death-pale homeward flies.

Her head and feet now baring,  
 The priests she thither leads,  
 With surpliced robes they're nearing  
 And banner, cross and beads,  
 With psalm and small bell sweetly  
 To earth that corpse they gave,  
 A rude cell built they featly  
 Where she henceforth might live.

And now this cruel fair one  
 To earth her farewell gave,  
 Dropped every day a tear on  
 Her lover's lonely grave;  
 And ere twelve weeks are over  
 By sorrow keen consumed,  
 In the dust that hides her lover,  
 Her Edward, she's entombed.

Cork, June 1850.